

Cha.^e Grand.^e p. 75.



Cha.^e Grand.^e p. 75.



(1.)
THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON
AND THE
HON. MISS BYRON;

IN WHICH IS INCLUDED,
Memoirs of a Noble ITALIAN Family.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. SNAGG, No. 29, Pater-noster-
Row.



(2)

T H E

H I S T O R Y
O F

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

THIS novel was written by the late celebrated and truly amiable Mr. Samuel Richardson, and is as striking an original as ever yet was presented to the public. The principal character is, that of Sir Charles, and in him we meet with a young gentleman surrounded by a thousand temptations, but at the same time adhering to his duty as a man and a christian. Beauty could not tempt him to seduce, nor could the greatest, the most affluent fortune make him marry the woman who was not the object of his affections. Nay, so much was he attached to the protestant religion as by law established in England, that he would not turn papist to marry a rich Italian lady, nor would he suffer her to abjure her religion merely for the sake of a husband. The whole work

B

contains

contains the most enlarged sentiments of virtue and benevolence, and happy indeed will those youth be, who copy after the example of Sir Charles Grandison.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON was the son of a gentleman, who died possessed of an estate of eight thousand pounds a year, and his lady was one of the most amiable of her sex.

Sir Thomas, the father of Sir Charles, had for many years been much addicted to horse-racing, from which his lady had in vain endeavoured to reclaim him, but she took care to keep so much hospitality in her house, that she was beloved and admired by all the poor who lived in the neighbourhood. Sir Thomas, as a man of real gaiety, took no notice of his daughters, but spent his leisure hours in teaching his son the art of fighting with the small sword, of which he soon became a great proficient.

It was at an early period of life that Sir Charles lost his amiable mother, for one evening Sir Thomas having been brought home wounded, in consequence of fighting a duel, his lady fell into fits, which put an end to her valuable life. A little before her death, she was so sensible, that she sent for her son, and he coming to her bed side, she recommended to him the care of his sisters. The pious youth held her dying hand in his, and embracing it in the most tender manner, told her, her injunctions to him now she was stepping into eternity, should be the rule of his conduct as long as he lived. She then expired, holding his
hand

hand in hers, sincerely lamented by all those who had ever known her.

Sir Thomas was much affected for the loss of his worthy lady, and the rather, when he considered that his own imprudent conduct, had in a great measure hastened it. Mr. Grandison, who loved his mother tenderly, gave himself up to melancholy, which so much alarmed his father, that he was prevailed on to send him abroad to make the tour of Europe, under the direction of a tutor, who had been recommended by a general, who was uncle to the young gentleman. This tutor, it seems, was one of those abandoned miscreants, who under pretence of directing the studies of young gentlemen, actually lead them into every scene of debauchery; but Grandison escaped all the snares that he laid for him. The truth is, he was obliged while at Paris, to become his own tutor, or in other words to take care of himself, for he found that his governor did not pay the least regard to the most sacred of all moral obligations, so that on many different occasions, the young gentleman was obliged to remonstrate to him on the great impropriety of his conduct, in acting so inconsistent with the nature of his profession.

At Turin our adventurer became acquainted with one Dr. Bartlet, who was then governor to a young gentleman whose name was Lorimer, and this young 'squire was of such abandoned principles, that he and Mr. Crewker, the tutor of Grandison, soon became intimately acquainted. In that city they played so many roguish tricks, while Dr. Bartlet and Grandison were enlarging their minds with real knowledge, so that

Crewker was obliged to decamp, lest he should have been sent on a seven years voyage to the gallies. Having arrived safely at Rome, Crewker sent a letter to Grandison, desiring him to meet him in that city, but the young gentleman, who had long beheld his conduct with concern, was determined not to be trifled with any longer, and therefore wrote an account of his whole conduct to his father.

In answer to this letter, his father left him at liberty to do as he pleased, observing at the same time, that he was so well convinced of his prudence, that he doubted not but he would be able either to make a proper choice of a governor, or to act with such prudence as not to be in want of one.

Upon the receipt of that letter, young Grandison went to wait on his good friend, Dr. Bartlet, but as he could not with propriety ask him to forsake the station that had been assigned him, they both entered into a treaty of mutual friendship, which was only to end with the life of one of them.

While Lorimer was passing through some of the capital towns in Lombardy, Grandison made the greatest part of the tour of Europe, and wrote down such pertinent remarks on the laws, manners, and customs of the people, as convinced every one that he had a very sound judgment, and that he had not hitherto spent his time in vain. Indeed Lorimer learned nothing, his whole time was spent in idleness, and attending the public diversions, which was so offensive to the doctor, his worthy tutor, that he wished he had never undertaken to accompany him.

The

The doctor put up with all these extravagancies as he could not bring his pupil to a sense of reason, and in the mean time the young gentleman gave him the slip, and set out to be present at the carnival at Venice. It was some time before the doctor could learn which way he had gone, but upon mature deliberation, he received intelligence, that he was gone to Venice, and therefore he set out to meet him in that celebrated city. When he came there, he found that Mr. Lorimer had launched out into all sorts of fashionable follies, and what was still worse, he had committed several violences on some of the people. In vain did Dr. Bartlet set before his pupil the character and conduct of Grandison, for he paid no regard to them any farther than to copy one of his letters, which he sent to his father as his own, not doubting but he would thereby be brought to imagine that he had acquired considerable knowledge abroad. The doctor was a good deal surprised when he received an answer from the father of the young gentleman, mentioning the contents of the letter, and having taken the young gentleman to task, he freely confessed the whole, which surprised the doctor so much, that he looked upon him as one of the meanest wretches he had ever known.

The freedom which the worthy doctor used with his pupil, was far from having the desired effect, for instead of taking his advice, he got into company with a courtesan who had deceived several travellers, and in conjunction with her contrived a scheme to impose on the doctor. Bad connections lead to bad practices, and they generally end in the commission of some notorious

crimes. From Venice they set out for Athens, Mr. Lorimer taking the vile woman along with him, and much about the same time Grandison arrived at the same place, from a tour that he had been making in the island of Candia.

At Athens Mr. Lorimer and his whore represented to the cadi, who is the Turkish judge in all civil causes, that Dr. Bartlet was a person who had contrived some schemes to overturn the established government, upon which he was taken up and committed to prison. This infamous scheme having been reduced to practice, Lorimer and his courtesan set out for Venice, leaving the doctor a prisoner in a dungeon, where there was not one person to visit him who could speak either in the learned or in his own native language.

While he remained in that disconsolate condition, one Mr. Beauchamp, a young gentleman, who had been acquainted with Mr. Grandison in the island of Candia, happened to come to Athens a few days after Mr. Grandison set out for Constantinople, and upon his arrival there, having heard that an English gentleman was in prison, he enquired into his character, and found that he was the worthy doctor Bartlet; upon that he dispatched a messenger to Constantinople to Mr. Grandison, in order to lay the case of the worthy doctor before the British resident at the Porte.

Mr. Grandison was not a little affected to hear of the misfortune of the worthy doctor, and therefore having applied to the English as well as the French resident, he procured an order for his releasement, and lest it should have miscarried, he set

set out with it for Athens. Fortunately for the doctor he arrived there in time to save his life, for as all his money was spent, the cadi had ordered that rather than he should starve, he would send a brace of janizaries to strangle him. Mr. Lorimer, the father of the young gentleman, whose studies the doctor had been appointed to superintend, never imagined that his son could have been guilty of so base an action, nor did the doctor suppose it himself, as soon as he was delivered from confinement, he set out for Venice, where he found his pupil, who by that time was become tired of the courtesan, and therefore he took that opportunity of detaching him from her.

From Venice they set out for Rome, but the unhappy young gentleman acted in the same irregular manner as before, so that in a few weeks he paid the debt of nature, by dying a violent death, a circumstance of the utmost service to his family, and which had been long foreseen by his worthy tutor. Indeed had he lived, he would have plunged his father into many misfortunes, and although the old gentleman was for some time sorry for his death, yet in the end he found that instead of being sorry he had reason to rejoice.

It is true, he died what we commonly call a sincere penitent, for he confessed his faults, and told the doctor, that were he to recover, he would live a new life. It is certain, that nothing in the world can be less depended on than a death bed repentance, for although repentance can never come too late, yet the most genuine is, that which is attended with sincere obedience. These

were the sentiments of the worthy doctor, who in consequence of his untimely end, fell into a violent fever, and was some weeks before the physician believed there was any hopes of his recovery.

In the mean time Mr. Grandison, who had visited Egypt as well as several other parts of the coast, returned to Italy, and happening to call at Rome, where he learned that Mr. Lorimer was dead, and that Dr. Bartlet, his worthy tutor, was just recovered from a dangerous fit of illness.

Mr. Beauchamp happened to be at that time in Rome, and as he had not finished his tour, he recommended the doctor to him as a tutor, a circumstance that arose purely from motives of humanity, for Mr. Beauchamp had a step-mother who had prevailed on his father to abridge his yearly allowance, so that he was reduced to no small difficulty how to support the character of a gentleman.

It was with much difficulty that Mr. Beauchamp could be prevailed upon to accept of a gratuity, but Mr. Grandison, who hated formalities, prevailed upon him, by representing his own disinterestedness on the one hand, and the necessities of his friend on the other. These preliminaries being settled, Grandison set out for Leghorn, where he met with an English gentleman in distress, and lent him some money on his bond, but finding him much dejected in his spirits, he sent for him, and in his presence burnt the bond in the fire, telling him at the same time that he could not bear the thoughts of making him one moment unhappy. Indeed, Mr. Grandison

dison took no pleasure in any thing besides that of doing good, his heart burned with love to his fellow creatures, and he considered nothing as his own, while one of his fellow creatures stood in need of it.

Having done an action that would have reflected honour on the most dignified character in human nature, he visited every place worth notice in Leghorn, and during the whole of his stay there, he constantly attended divine service in the chapel of the factory; for he was well convinced in his own mind, that all learning and knowledge, let them be of ever so extensive a nature, are no better than empty bubbles, unless sanctified by the divine blessing.

From Leghorn he set out for Florence, where he visited the museum, and beheld the natural and artificial beauties in that celebrated repository with admiration. The gaiety of the place, however, did not detach his mind from the practice of virtue, for at all times, and in all places where-ever he was, he still considered himself as in the immediate presence of the deity, and therefore he was continually afraid to offend, lest he should have incurred the displeasure of his God, whose service he preferred to every thing else.

We must now introduce our adventurer into the company of some noble Italians, whose names were much respected in their own country, and whose adventures will make no small figure in this work, therefore it is extremely proper the reader should be acquainted with them.

In the neighbourhood of Bologna were two noble families of the name of Porretta, who both boasted their descent from the ancient Romans,

and probably their pretensions to so high an original, were not ill founded. The one of these noblemen was a marquis, and the other a count, and the lady of the marquis was a woman much esteemed throughout the same province where she resided. They had three sons, the eldest of whom was in the service of the king of Naples, the second was a bishop, and the third commanded a regiment in the service of the king of Sardinia. The daughter was about eighteen and adorned with all those accomplishments that make female charms irresistible, and was doated on both by her father and mother, the latter of whom called her her Clementina. Jeronymo, who had the regiment under the king of Sardinia, had been some time at Rome, where he became acquainted with Mr. Grandison. He was a young nobleman of fine parts, and had imbibed the sentiments of the best writers, both of ancient and modern times. He was susceptible of the warmest impressions of real friendship, and had a sweetness of manners that is seldom found in one of his age, but to his great misfortune he had contracted an acquaintance with a set of young profligate noblemen, with whom he spent the evenings in all sorts of debauchery, and at the same time wanted to introduce our hero to the said company.

Mr. Grandison, ever complaisant, went to the place of meeting with his friend, and finding the young nobleman destitute of every spark of moral virtue, he resolved to have no more to do with them. He left nothing undone to bring his friend off from such connections, but finding that in a manner impossible, he refrained from visiting him, lest he himself should be led away

away by the same contagious example. There is a sort of glory that shines around every thing done by a virtuous person, and certain it is no action in the whole life of Grandison, contributed more towards making him share in the esteem of every good man, than the part he took to reclaim his friend. He had for some time seen him on the brink of ruin, but his tenderness for him was the same, and he resolved, if possible, to save him from impending destruction.

He spake to him several times in private in the most tender and affectionate manner, but finding he paid no regard to what he said, he sent him the following letter :

To the BARONE DELLA PORRETTA.

WILL my Jeronymo allow his friend, his Grandison, the liberty he is going to take with him? If the friendship he professes for him be such a one, as a great mind can, on reflection, glory in, he will. And what is this liberty, but such as constitutes the essence of true friendship? I am the rather encouraged to take it, as I have often flattered myself, that I have seen my Jeronymo affected by the arguments urged in the course of the conversations that have been held in our select meetings at Padua, and at Rome; in which the cause of virtue and true honour has been discussed and pleaded.

I have now no hopes of influencing any one of the noble youths, whom, at your request, I have of late so often met: but of you I have still hopes, because you continue to declare, that you prefer

prefer my friendship to theirs. You think that I was disgusted at the ridicule with which they generally treated the arguments they could not answer ; but as far as I innocently could, I followed them in their levity. I returned raillery for ridicule, and not always, as you know, unsuccessful ; but still they could not convince me, nor I them.

I quit therefore, yet not without regret, the society I cannot meet with pleasure ; but let not my Jeronymo renounce me. In his opinion I had the honour to stand high before I was prevailed upon to be introduced to them ; we cultivated, with mutual pleasure, each others acquaintance. Let us be to each other what we were for the first month of our intimacy. You have noble qualities ; but are diffident, and too often suffer yourself to be influenced by men of talents inferior to your own.

The ridicule they have aimed at has weakened, perhaps, the force of the arguments that I wished to have more than a temporary effect on your heart. Permit me to remind you on paper of some of them, and urge to you others.

You have shewed me letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and others from your uncle, and still, if possible, more admirable ones from your sister—all filled with concern for your present and future welfare ! How dearly is my Jeronymo beloved by his whole family ! And how tenderly does he love them !—What ought to be the result ? Jeronymo cannot be ungrateful. He knows so well what belongs to the character of a dutiful son,
and

and an affectionate brother, that I will not attempt to inforce their arguments upon him.

Mr. Jeronymo has pleaded, and justly may he boast of a disposition to benevolence, charity, and generosity; but remember, my Lord, that true goodness is an uniform thing, and will alike influence every part of a man's conduct; and that true generosity will not be confined to obligations, either written or verbal.

Besides, who, though in the least guilty instance, and where some false virtue may hold out colours to palliate an excess, can promise himself to stop, when once he has thrown the reins on the neck of his lawless appetite? And may I not add, that my Jeronymo is not in his own power? He suffers himself to be led! O that he would choose his company anew, and be a leader! Every virtue then that warms his heart, would have a sister virtue to encourage the noble flame, instead of vice to damp it.

Justly do you boast of the nobility of your descent, of the excellency of every branch of your family. Bear with my question, my Lord: Are you determined to sit down satisfied with the honour of your ancestors? Your progenitors, and every one of your family, have given you reason to applaud their worth; will you not give them cause to boast of yours?

Let us consider the objects of your pursuit. Are they women seduced from the path of virtue by yourself—who otherwise, perhaps, would have married, and made useful members of society? Consider, my friend, what a capital crime is a seduction of this kind! Can you glory in the virtue of a sister of your own, and allow yourself
in

in attempts upon the daughter, the sister of another? And let me ask, How can that crime be thought pardonable in a man, which renders a woman infamous?

Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to suppose, that nature has designed them to be superior to women. The highest proof that can be given of such superiority, is in the protection afforded by the stronger to the weaker. What can that man say for himself, or his proud pretension, who employs all his art to seduce, betray, and ruin the creature whom he should guide and protect? —Sedulous to save her, perhaps, from every foe but the devil and himself!

Remember, my Jeronymo, that you are a man, a rational and moral agent, and act up to the dignity of your nature. Are there not, let me ask, innocent delights enough to fill with joy every vacant hour. Believe me, Jeronymo, there are. Let you and me seek for such, and make them the cement of our friendship. Religion out of the question, consider what morals and good policy will oblige you to do, as a man born to act a part in public life. What (were the examples set by you and your acquaintance to be generally followed) would become of public order and decorum? how will a regular succession in families be kept up? You, my Lord, boast of your descent, and why will you deprive your children of an advantage in which you glory.

Good children, what a blessing to their parents! but what comfort can the parent have in children born into the world the heirs of disgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have no family honour to support, no fair example

example to imitate, but must be warned by their father, when bitter experience has convinced him of his errors, to avoid the paths in which he has trod ?

How delightful the domestic connection ! to bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a sister, a daughter, that shall be received there with tender love ; to strengthen your own interest in the world by an alliance with some noble and worthy family, who shall rejoice to trust to the Barone della Porretta, the darling of their hopes.—This would, to a generous heart, like yours, be the source of infinite delights. But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere, the unhappy object of a vagrant affection ? Must not my Jeronymo estrange himself from his home, to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his sister, persons shut out by all the laws of honour from their society ?

But the present hour dances delightfully away, and my friend will not look beyond it. His gay companions applaud and compliment him on his triumphs. In general, perhaps, he allows, that welfare and order of society ought to be maintained by a submission to divine and human laws ; but his single exception for himself can be of no importance. Of what then is general practice made up ?—If every one excepts himself, and offends in the instance that best suits his inclination, what a scene of horror will this world become ! Affluence and a gay disposition tempt to licentious pleasures ; penury and a gloomy one to robbery, revenge and murder. Not one enormity will be without its plea, if once the boundaries of duty are thrown down. But even in
this

this universal depravity, would not his crime be much worse, who robbed me of my child from riot and licentiousness, and under the guise of love and truth, than his who despoiled me of my substance, and had necessity to plead in extenuation of his guilt?

I cannot doubt, my dear friend, but you will take, at least, kindly, these expostulations, though some of them are upon subjects on which our conversations have been hitherto ineffectual. I submit them to your consideration. I can have no interest in making them, no motive but what proceeds from that true friendship with which I desire to be thought,

Most affectionately yours,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

The young Italian nobleman was of too high a spirit to be directed by Mr. Grandison, and therefore their friendship broke off for some time, but as the baron found himself involved in difficulties, in consequence of his unhappy connections, he left Rome, and travelled to Padua. There he once more met with Mr. Grandison, who treated him with the utmost respect, telling him at the same time, that he hoped he had broke off all connections with his former unhappy companions. The young gentleman told him he had, and Grandison, who was ever willing to construe things in the fairest light, believed him.

It was not long, however, before Grandison found that the reformation of his friend was extremely partial, for he had contracted an acquaintance with a courtesan, who had formerly played

played off her charms against our hero, but to no purpose. Enraged to think that she should be slighted by an English gentleman, after her charms had captivated several Italian princes who were equally poor as proud, she resolved to wreck her vengeance upon him. The artful woman contrived to have challenges sent to each party in the name of the other, but Mr. Grandison, so far from giving way to any sort of resentment, expostulated with his friend, and told him, that he would never draw his sword in a strange country, unless it was in his own defence, but at the same time he intimated that there was a possibility of their meeting again by accident, at some place where the mystery might be cleared up to the mutual satisfaction of both, and then took his leave.

It seems the lady of pleasure had another person against whom she was exasperated, besides our adventurer, and her resolution was, if possible, to make away with both. Grandison was in a manner utterly unacquainted with this diabolical scheme, and therefore leaving Padua, he travelled through the Cremonese, a part of Italy, celebrated in the classic authors.

As Mr. Grandison was passing through a narrow road, he saw a horse with a saddle on, but no rider, and at the same time he heard the cries of a wounded man. Humanity for his fellow creature in distress, induced him to go up to the place from whence the cries issued, where he found two ruffians attempting to assassinate a gentleman who had no person to assist him. He immediately drew his sword, and having wounded one of the ruffians, his companion contrived to

to carry him off; but how great was his surprize when he found that the gentleman whom they had attacked was his old friend the Baron Della Porretta, who had come so far in disguise, in consequence of his late amour. Having bound up the wounds of his friend in the best manner he could, he put him into his chaise, and in the mean time dispatched one of his servants to the city of Cremona, in order to procure a surgeon. He had scarce performed this charitable act, when he was informed that one of the baron's footmen was lying in an adjoining thicket, tied to a tree, and that there were no hopes of his recovery, he having been wounded in the most dangerous manner, and almost bleeding to death in consequence of his wounds.

The poor bleeding servant being put into the coach, Mr. Grandison walked on foot, while it moved slowly along, and when they had proceeded about six miles, the surgeon came up and dressed their wounds. The baron was so much overcome by Mr. Grandison's goodness, that he implored a thousand blessings upon him, and told him, that if it should please God to spare him, he would for ever after be guided by his advice.

When they arrived at Cremona proper lodgings were taken for the baron, and his whole family were sent for to visit him. The encomiums they bestowed upon Mr. Grandison were the effusions of real benevolence, and each of them strove who should oblige him most. While the baron lay ill Mr. Grandison seldom left his bed-side, and in that time repeated all the arguments

ments he had formerly made use of, in order to dissuade him from revenge, especially as it was a vice prohibited both by natural and revealed religion. The young nobleman listened to him with the utmost attention, and the truth appearing strong in its natural colours, he resolved to abide by his advice, without giving way to those false notions of honour that have ruined many of the sons of our nobility, as well as those in foreign parts.

When the baron began to recover, he was removed to his father's house, at Bologna, where his brother, the bishop attended him, and each of the family joined in congratulating our hero on the generous part he had acted. The brother who was a general in the service of the king of Naples, invited Mr. Grandison to accompany him to that city, while the bishop insisted on his staying along with him, in order to learn him the English language.

It seems, that while our celebrated Milton was in that country, he had contracted an acquaintance with some of their progenitors, and therefore his immortal Poem of Paradise Lost, was considered by them as the standard of English taste, in the same manner as we consider Horace and Virgil among the Romans. Mr. Grandison delivered lectures in the Italian language upon our English Homer, and none were more attentive to them than the fair Clementina, who always sat by her brother's bed-side while Mr. Grandison was speaking.

Indeed she was so much taken with him, that she became more and more enamoured of him, though she knew that she could not marry him,

as

as he was what the Roman Catholicks call a heretic. It seems our wounded baron had been so much overcome by our heroes goodness, that he thought there was no recompence could be made to him, but that of an alliance with the family, which he considered as a most distinguishing honour. This however was not agreeable to the sentiments of the father and mother, for at the same time the Count of Belvidere having arrived at Bologna, from Spain, became enamoured of Clementina, and as he was a young nobleman of great worth, and possessed of a considerable estate, they considered the proposal for a match as too advantageous to be rejected.

About the same time the rebellion broke out in Scotland, and as Mr. Grandison could not help loving his country, consequently he was obliged to have some debates with the people, whom he respected, and who, in every thing except religion, were persons of real worth. It was reported throughout all Italy that the pretender would be victorious, and as the consequence would have been the establishment of the Romish religion, so Lady Clementina could not help pluming herself on these hopes, for she, with all her virtues, was a most wretched bigot to popery. She longed to see all hereticks reconciled to the idolatry of Rome, or, as she called it, to be brought into the bosom of the church.

As Mr. Grandison did not chuse to enter into the heat of argument with persons whom he really respected, and as at the same time he loved the laws and religion of his country, he
resolved

resolved to leave Italy and return to England. He communicated his sentiments to the marquis, who endeavoured to dissuade him from it, his principal view being to get Mr. Grandison to intercede with the Count Belvedere, and his daughter to enter into wedlock. Mr. Grandison complied with his request, and being admitted to the young lady, he spoke many things in favour of the count, but, to his great surprize, found that she had began to place her affections on himself.

The time that Mr. Grandison had fixed for his departure from Italy drawing nigh, he put his friends in mind of it; but it seems the younger brother of Clementina was so intent on a match between him and his sister, that he began to sound her on her inclinations. The mother did the same, but neither of them could get any other satisfaction from her but tears. They had for some time beheld a settled melancholy on her countenance, which never seemed to be in the least dispelled, except during the time that Mr. Grandison was learning her a language, which, according to their opinion, could never be of any use to her.

Mr. Grandison, was desired to talk to her on the subject, which he did with great prudence, but could not receive a satisfactory answer. The marquis finding that Mr. Grandison was eager to set out for England, through Germany, a grand entertainment was provided for him, for they had by that time brought themselves to hearken to the voice of reason in not detaining a young gentleman from his country

try while the flames of a civil war were kindled in it.

Clementina behaved in so chearful a manner, that her parents began to imagine that she had forgot or given up all thoughts of Grandison, and when he was going to take his leave, she gave him her hand and even her cheek to kiss, telling him that the deliverer of her brother must never be forgotten by her. She concluded by wishing that God would convert him to the true catholic religion, wishing that he might never want such a friend as he had been to her brother. Just as he was taking his leave, the younger brother flung his arms about his neck, and told him that nothing gave him so much uneasiness as to see him and his sister parted, upon which Mr. Grandison took his leave and set out for Inspruck.

Soon after his arrival at Inspruck, he received the disagreeable news that the young lady was in a manner become delirious, and that for several hours she had shut herself up in her closet, uttering the most incoherent expressions, upon which her maid called her mother, and then Clementina declared that she was determined to go into a nunnery, for she could not bear the absence of the lovely stranger. Her confessor, who was really a worthy man, was sent for, and did all he could to keep up her spirits, but he soon discovered that her mind was fixed on some other object, besides religion. He saw that her mind was agitated between passion and duty, and he found it very difficult to say any thing to her in a proper manner.

At Florence lived one Mrs. Beaumont, an English lady, and a widow, who, in the early part of her life had been robbed of her fortune by an uncle, and as she had some acquaintance with the Marchioness Della Pometta, she desired that her daughter Clementina might be for some months left under her care, promising at the same time that she would do every thing in her power to reconcile the young lady, by the most rational arguments, to hearken to the voice of reason, and not give herself up to melancholy. The marchioness complied with her request, and the amiable Clementina was sent to the house of Mrs. Beaumont.

Mrs. Beaumont, who was a lady of great prudence, as well as discernment, soon discovered that all this uneasiness in the mind of Clementina, arose from the sudden departure of Mr. Grandison. She told her she could not help loving his person, and admiring his many accomplishments, both natural and acquired, but at the same time she said that she would never give her hand to a heretic, if he had even an imperial crown on his head. So strong is the force of bigotry, and so necessary is it for every person to improve their mental faculties, by attending to the sober dictates of reason.

Mrs. Beaumont was really a sensible lady, and being no stranger to the force of bigotry, when it operates on the human mind, she sent an account to the marchioness of the conversation that had passed between her and Clementina, adding at the same time the arguments she had made use of, in order to dissuade her from giving up her

mind

her. Boston: Printed and sold by Wm. Brewster: 1801.
Lexington:

mind to a fruitless passion, from which she could never receive any enjoyment.

The marchioness, in a letter which she sent her in answer, told her, that she was under many obligations to her, and would never forget them as long as she lived, but as her daughter was in some measure cured of her melancholy, she desired she might be sent home, to all which Clementina agreed, and was received by her parents in the most tender and affectionate manner. It was then proposed to send for Mr. Grandison, who was then at Vienna, and accordingly the general, brother of Clementina, wrote him a letter, which he received with all the marks of surprise. He was much affected to hear of the condition in which the young lady was, but as he knew that religion was an inseparable bar in the way, he was obliged to summon up all his fortitude, and return to visit a family, which he loved in the most affectionate manner.

Upon Mr. Grandison's arrival he was received in the most polite manner, by the marquis and his son, the bishop, while the other son, who had been wounded, and still kept his chamber, embraced him as his deliverer. He added, that Clementina would be his, or she would die of love for him. Mr. Grandison was then conducted into the drawing-room of the marchioness, whom he found richly dressed, and the lovely Clementina standing behind her chair. The young lady was dressed in the same elegant manner as her mother, but her natural modesty was such, that it outshone all the decorations that can at any time be added to the sex. The marchioness treated him with the utmost respect, and apologized





apologized for the confusion her daughter was in, because she had no hopes of seeing him in so unexpected a manner. She told him, that her son, the bishop, would converse with him on subjects of the utmost importance, and in the mean time she would do all in her power to keep up the spirits of her daughter.

Soon after this conversation was over, the marquis entered, and treated Mr. Grandison in the same condescending manner, telling him at the same time what the marchioness had said before, namely, that his son, the bishop, would treat with him on some points that were in dispute between them.

At last the bishop made his appearance, and he proposed to Mr. Grandison, that he had no objections to his marrying his sister, upon condition that he would renounce the protestant religion, and live in Italy, only that once in two or three years he should be allowed to return to England, to receive the rents of his estates. This proposal was what Mr. Grandison would by no means agree with; he declared that he would never renounce the protestant religion, but if Clementina would be his, he would only spend three months of the year in England, and during the remainder of the year he would reside in Italy. This, however, was what they would by no means comply with, although the young lady said all she could to persuade them to it. Mr. Grandison remained firm in his purpose without ever deviating from it in the least, and he was seconded by the younger brother, who said every thing he could to induce his parents to agree to the match; but all to no purpose, for the bishop

C

declared

declared that his sister should never marry a heretic, and the other brother seemed to treat our hero with the utmost contempt.

The marquis was as bigotted as the rest of the family, but the mother acted a very prudent part, for she left the whole to the management of her husband. The brothers began to call our adventurer an obscure fellow, who had only come to Italy in order to push his fortune, and therefore they wished him away as soon as possible. They looked upon the alliance as derogatory to their family, but nothing was so odious as that of his being a heretic, a crime that no papist will ever forgive, because he imagines the person is to be sent to hell.

The contempt with which Mr. Grandison was treated, induced him to leave Italy immediately, and having travelled to Paris, waited in that city, in order to hear from his father.

While he was at Paris, he became acquainted with Mr. Danby, an English merchant, who knew his father, and with him he spent some time at his country-house. Mr. Danby's house was situated at some distance from Paris, and one night, while Mr. Grandison was laying awake, meditating on his Italian adventures, he heard a noise, and getting up, found that some ruffians had got hold of Mr. Danby, and were very near having murdered him; Mr. Grandison ran his sword into the shoulder of one of the ruffians, upon which the fellow roared out that he was a dead man.

A second fellow had got up to the window, and called out to a third to follow him, upon which Mr. Grandison drew his sword, and would
certainly

certainly have done the thief's business, had not he slipped down and fallen upon the head of his companion, after which they both took to their heels.

The fellow who had been wounded in the inside of the house, lay weltering in his blood, upon which Mr. Grandison ordered proper care to be taken of him, and he was soon brought to himself, by some of the servants who attended. The fellow told Mr. Grandison that he was willing to make an ample confession, which he did, and in consequence thereof, the following particulars were discovered.

Mr. Danby was a batchelor, and although he had the utmost aversion to making his will, yet was a real generous man, and had long supported a profligate brother in all sorts of extravagancies. That brother had spent his whole fortune in gaming, and finding that Mr. Danby would not advance him a thousand guineas, he contrived a scheme to put himself in possession of his whole fortune. This wretch had hired the three ruffians to murder him, and that there might be no suspicion that he was concerned in it, it was agreed that the drawers should be broke open, and every thing taken out of them as soon as the murder was perpetrated. The villains had fifty crowns each before they undertook to execute their scheme, and they were to have each a thousand crowns as soon as they had completed the bloody work. Their wicked employer waited for them at Calais, but when he heard that they had been disappointed, he got on board of the packet and landed at Dover. The two villains, who had made their escape from the

C 2

house,

house, were taken the next day, and being found guilty were ordered for execution, but Mr. Grandison having interceded for them, they were only condemned to the galleys for life.

While Mr. Grandison was thus discharging all the duties of benevolence that do honour to men, and add a lustre to Christianity, his father, Sir Thomas, was indulging himself in a round of unlawful pleasures. That his daughters might not be an incumbrance to him, he made choice of one Mrs. Oldham to superintend their education, whose husband had died of a broken heart after having spent a good estate.

Mrs. Oldham was a gay woman, and not destitute of many female accomplishments, but so volatile was she in the whole of her conduct, that she made such advances to Sir Thomas, that in the compass of a few months she was obliged to take a journey to London, in order to lye-in privately.

The young ladies, the daughters of Sir Thomas, had so much spirit, that they opposed the return of Mrs. Oldham, telling their father, that they would manage the domestic affairs of the house in Wiltshire; but as he had another house in Essex, he took the lady to it as soon as she was fit to go abroad, and there they lived in such an elegant manner, that most of the neighbouring gentry began to imagine that they were married; for unless that had been the case, they could not account for his treating her in the manner he did.

Sir Thomas, however, was a man of so much gaiety, that he did not confine himself to one woman, for he had another besides Mrs. Oldham, whom

whom he kept in London, and who lived in the most extravagant manner. He did not know that Mrs. Oldham had been delivered of a child, for she concealed that circumstance from him, and he was extremely angry with his daughters, because they would not permit her to come again to the house as their governess.

Sir Thomas behaved with great severity to his daughters, by ordering them not to write to any person, nay, not even to himself or their brother, but in all companies, while over his bottle, he could not help taking notice that his son was one of the most accomplished young gentleman in the world, who had joined piety, learning and bravery together.

While he was living in this dissipated manner, Mrs. Farnborough, the woman whom he kept in town, was seized with the small pox and died, which affected him so much, that he went down to Hampshire, and spent some weeks with his daughters, acting as a man of good sense, a quality that he was known to possess in a considerable degree.

Just about the time of Mrs. Farnborough's death, and before Sir Thomas set out for Hampshire, he was visited by Lord L——, who had been making the tour of Europe, and who brought along with him several presents from his son, which served to convince the baronet of his son's good taste. He invited Lord L—— to spend a few days with him in the country, which his lordship complied with, and had not been long there, before he fell in love with one of the daughters, who was then about nineteen years of age.

It was not long before his lordship discovered his passion to the young lady, but Sir Thomas would by no means give his consent, nor would he assign a reason for that part of his conduct. He now began to put his domestic affairs in proper order, especially as he expected that it would not be long before his beloved son returned, but he was still uneasy in what manner to dispose of Mrs. Oldham, who had already bore him two children. He doubted not but his son would hear of his connection with her, and at the same time he was unwilling to discard her without making a proper provision for her and her children.

While Sir Thomas was meditating on these things, a proposal was made by one of the first noblemen in the kingdom, to bring about a marriage between Mr. Grandison and his daughter, and news of it was communicated to Mr. Grandison, then at Florence. Sir Thomas proposed to give up his whole estate to his son, reserving only a small annuity to himself, but this was what the pious youth would by no means agree to, and therefore in his answer he told his father, that he would never take possession of his estate while he was alive. He added further, that as to the marriage, he knew nothing at all about it, for he could not, consistent with his duty, give his consent to enter into that state with any person, till such time as he was acquainted with her in such a manner as to discover her natural temper and disposition.

When Sir Thomas received the answer from his son, he found that he had so much virtue, that he would, if proper explanations were made, be ashamed of his own conduct, and therefore he
gave

gave up all thoughts of the marriage till such time as his son should arrive. In the mean time, as there were several accounts to settle, he ordered his two stewards to bring them in, because they contained several sums, which he wished to conceal. Having given these directions to his stewards, he went down to his seat in Essex, where he was soon taken extremely ill, and for several days deprived of the use of his reason. His daughters were sent for to attend him, and an express was dispatched to Paris for his son, who waited only for his permission to return. On the eleventh day the fever left him, and seeing his daughters standing by his bedside, parental affection returned to its proper channel, and he beheld his dear offspring with that complacency and delight that should ever mark the character of a father. Soon after this his delirium returned, and he paid the debt of nature in the presence of Mrs. Oldham and his beloved daughters, leaving behind him the character of a man who might have been an ornament to society, had he not been a slave to fashionable follies.

Mr. Grandison, who arrived just about this time, put his seal upon every thing in the house, that no person should open them till his father's will was read, upon which Mrs. Oldham wept bitterly. The young ladies told her, that she had no reason to expect any thing, seeing she had lived in the most scandalous manner with their father, but if any thing was left to her, there was not the least doubt but their brother would do her justice.

Thus poor Mrs. Oldham was discarded, after having reigned several years in the most domi-

neering manner over the passions of Sir Thomas ; but now he was dead, and as she had no person to apply to, she saw nothing before her but misery ; she had two children by her husband, and two by Sir Thomas, and as all her children were unprovided for, as well as herself, she looked upon herself as the most miserable of beings.

Sir Charles Grandison having given orders for his father's interment, it was conducted in the most decent manner, and his remains having been deposited with those of his deceased spouse, the pious youth caused a monument to be erected to the memory of both, not so much to make a pompous display of their virtues, as to convey a lasting example to those who should come after. He took care to avoid all manner of ostentation, and in consequence of that œconomy, he was enabled to bestow some small gratuity on such families as were labouring under the greatest distress. He then proceeded to search for the will, but not finding any, he set out for the house in Essex, and as Mrs. Oldham had affixed her seals to every thing, it was necessary that she should be sent for before they were broke open.

The poor woman received the summons to attend in the most trembling manner ; she was conscious that she had not acted consistent with her duty to the young ladies, and it must be acknowledged that when she made her appearance before them, they did not treat her with so much humanity as they ought to have done. She appeared before her examiners in the most trembling manner, and when they took notice that she was in mourning, she answered that she was a real mourner,

mourner, for she was left destitute, exposed to all the hardships of an injurious world. They told her that her brother was coming, upon which the woman turned pale, and was ready to fall into fits.

Sir Charles entered. She was standing near the door. He bowed to her. Mrs. Oldham, I presume, said he—Pray, madam, be seated. I sent to you that you might see the seals broken—Pray, madam, sit down, added he, taking her hand, and leading her to a chair not far distant from his sisters, and seating himself in one between them and her. Pray, madam, compose yourself, said he, looking upon her with eyes of pity, and then turned to her sisters, to give her time to recover herself.

A flood of tears relieved her. She tried to suppress her audible sobs, which he most considerably would not hear; and her emotions attracting the eyes of the ladies, he took them off, by asking them something about a picture that hung on the other side of the room. He then drew his chair nearer to her, and again taking her trembling hand—I am not a stranger to your melancholy story, Mrs. Oldham—Be not discomposed. He stopped to give her a few moments to recover herself, and then resumed, See in me a friend ready to thank you for all your past good offices, and to forget all mistaken ones. She could not bear this, she threw herself at his feet. He raised her to her chair. Poor Mr. Oldham, said he, was unhappily careless! yet I have been told he loved you, and that you merited his love.—Your misfortunes threw you into the knowledge of our family. You have
C 5 been

been a faithful manager of the affairs of this house. By written evidences I can justify you; evidences that no one here will, I am sure dispute. Mr. Grandison, who is a good-natured man, but a little hasty, has told me, that he treated you with unkindness. He thought you wrong for insisting to put your seal; but he was mistaken, you did right.

O brother! brother! said both the ladies, at the same time, half in admiration, though half concerned. Bear with me, my sisters, said he, we have all something to be forgiven for. They knew not how they were concerned in the admonition, from what their father had written of them. He then made a motion for chocolate to be brought in, and being willing to relieve Mrs. Oldham by some little employment, desired her to be so good as to see it made.

The moment she was gone out of the room, he thus addressed himself to the ladies. My dear sisters, let me beg of you to think favourably of me on this occasion. I consider not the case of this poor woman on the foot of her own merits with regard to us. Our father's memory is concerned: she is intitled to justice, for its own sake; to generosity, for ours; to kindness, for my father's. He praises to me Mrs. Oldham's economy in several of his letters. He had a right to do what he would with his own fortune. It was not ours till now. Whatever he has left us, he might have still lessened it. That economy is all that concerns us in interest, and that is in her favour. He could have given Mrs. Oldham a title to a name, that would have commanded our respect, if not our reverence.

You

You have enlarged minds, you are the daughters of the most charitable, the most forgiving of women, and I was willing, before I recommended her to your mercy, to judge of her behaviour. Is she not humbled enough? From my soul I pity her. She loved my father, and I have no doubt but that she mourns for him in secret, yet dares not own, dares not plead her love. I am willing to consider her only as one who has executed a principal office in this house; and it becomes us so to behave to her, as that the world should think we consider her in that light only.

After they had drank chocolate, he told Mrs. Oldham, that he would attend her, and desired his sisters to accompany them. On their coming to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died, and which was his usual apartment, Mrs. Oldham turned pale, and weeping, begged to be excused attending them in it, and to wait in the adjoining drawing-room. Sir Charles granted her request. Poor woman! said he, how unhappily circumstanced is she, that she dare not, in this company, shew the tenderness, which is the glory, not only of the female, but of the human nature!

In one of the cabinets in that chamber they found a beautiful little casket, with the key tied to one of the silver handles, and a paper wafered upon it, on which was wrote, My wife's jewels. Sir Charles asked his sisters, if they had not yet had their mother's jewels, and being told that their father had said they should be theirs on their marriage, he instantly presented them this casket, which, while their brother was taking
minutes

minutes of papers, the ladies retired to open. Besides the jewels they found three purses in it, in two of which were a considerable number of old broad-pieces, with some bank-notes and India bonds. The third purse was thus labelled.

“ *For my beloved son:* In acknowledgment of his duty to his father and me, from infancy to this hour; of his love to his sisters; of the generosity of his temper; of his love of truth; and of his modesty, courage, benevolence, steadiness of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of making a GOOD MAN. GOD grant it. —
Amen.”

The ladies immediately carried the purse to their brother, when having read the label, Excellent woman! said he, being dead she speaks; and looking up, he added, may her pious prayer be answered! Then opening the purse, he found five coronation medals of different princes; a gold snuff-box, in which were three diamond rings, and a miniature picture of his mother, set in gold, an admirable likeness. Neglecting all the rest, he eagerly took it out, gazed at it in silence, kissed it, and put it to his heart. The ladies told him what was in the other two purses, and offered the bonds, notes and money to him. He asked if there were no particular directions upon either? They answered, No. He then observing that there might be a difference in their value, emptied them upon the table, and mingling the contents both together, added, Thus mingled, you, my sisters, will
equally

equally divide them between you. This picture (putting his hand on his bosom, where it yet was) is of infinitely more value than all the three purses contain besides.

When Sir Charles, and his sisters had looked over every other part in his father's apartment, he followed Mrs. Oldham to her's, who shewed him the closet in which all she was worth was contained, and complained of Mr. Grandison's refusing to let her take 50l. out of it. He bid her assure herself of justice, and breaking the seal, left it to her to shew them what she thought was proper for him to take account of. He was obliged to check the curiosity of his sisters, who would have examined her drawers. She shewed them the cabinet which contained all the money, notes and securities she had honestly saved. Miss Caroline asked to what amount. No matter, sister, to what amount, said Sir Charles. You hear Mrs. Oldham say, they are honestly got together. I dare say, that my father's bounty enabled his meanest servants to save money. I would not keep one that I thought did not. I make no comparisons, Mrs. Oldham; you are a gentlewoman. I believe there is near 1200l. said Mrs. Oldham, and looked as if she was afraid of the ladies censures.

They expressed their surprize at the largeness of the sum, and observed, that many times they should have been glad of as many shillings between them. Sir Charles asked what occasion they had for more than current money, and observed, that now they had a claim to independency, he hoped that 1200l. should not be the summit of either of their stores. Mrs. Oldham, trembling,

trembling, said, in this private drawer are some presents—I disclaim them; if you will believe me ladies, I never wished for them, offering to pull out the drawer. Forbear, Mrs. Oldham, said Sir Charles, presents are yours; the money also is yours: never will I either disparage or diminish my father's bounty: he had a right to do as he pleased. Had he made a will, would they not have been yours?—If you, Mrs. Oldham, if you, my sisters, can tell me any thing he but intended or inclined to do by any one of his people, that intention will I execute with as much exactness as if he had made a will and it was part of it. Shall we do nothing but justice?—The law was not made for a man of conscience.

After Sir Charles had inspected and taken minutes of every thing in this house, he gave Mrs. Oldham the key of her apartment, and ordered the house-keeper to assist her in the removal of her effects, at her own time and pleasure, and to come and go at all times with freedom and civility, as if she had never left the house.

Sir Charles then, addressing himself to his sisters, said, You may look at the justice I aim at doing to persons who can claim only justice from me, as an earnest, that I will do more than justice to my beloved sisters. You should have been the first to have found the fruits of the love I bear you, had I not been afraid that prudence would have narrowed my intentions. I am sorry, my dear sisters for your spirits sake, that you are left in my power. The best of women was always afraid that it would be so. But the moment I can, I will give you an absolute

lute independence on your brother, that your actions and conduct may be all your own. Both Caroline and Charlotte, with tears, expressed their gratitude, and told him that they thought it their highest felicity that they were in the power of such a brother.

Sir Charles, some time after, at parting with Mrs. Oldham said, I would be glad to know, madam, how you dispose of yourself; every unhappy person has a right to the good offices of those who are embarrassed. When you are settled pray let me know the manner; and if you acquaint me with the state of your affairs, and what you intend to do for and with those who are intitled to your care; your confidence in me will not be misplaced. Mrs. Oldham, at her first opportunity gave him a written account of the manner in which she proposed to live, with an estimate of all she was worth, on which Sir Charles generously allowed her an annuity for the sake of her sons by his father.

When Sir Charles found that Sir Thomas had left the inspection of each steward's account to the other, he entered into the examination of the whole himself; and though he allowed them several disputable and unproved charges, he brought them to acknowledge a much greater balance in his favour than they had made themselves debtors for. He then disposed of his hunters, racers, and dogs, took a survey of the timber upon his estate, and felled that which would have been the worse for standing; but, for the sake of posterity, planted an oakling for every oak he cut down; when the sale of the timber he cut down in Hampshire, which lay convenient

convenient for water-carriage, for use of the government, furnished him with a very considerable sum. He then went into Ireland, to look into the condition of his estate there, paid off a mortgage upon it, took it into his own hands, and finding it capable of great improvements, ordered them to be made.

Lord L. came to town from Scotland two or three months after Sir Charles's arrival in England, and paid him his first visit, when on his lordship's avowing his passion for Miss Caroline, and she acknowledging her esteem for him, he introduced him to her, and putting their hands together, holding them between both his : With pleasure, said he, do I join hands where hearts so worthy are united. Do me, my lord, the honour, from this moment, to look upon me as your brother. My father, I find, was a little embarrassed in his affairs. He loved his daughters, and perhaps was loth that they should early claim another protection; but had he lived to make himself easy, I have no doubt but that he would have made them happy. He has left that duty upon me—and I will perform it.—Miss Caroline was unable to speak for joy, and my lord's tears were ready to start.

Miss Charlotte was affected with this scene, and with her eyes and hands lifted up she prayed, that God would make his power as large as his heart : the whole world then, she said, would be benefitted either by his bounty or his example. And has not my Charlotte, said he, turning towards her, some happy man, that she can distinguish by her love? You are equally dear to me,

me, my sisters. Make me your confident, Charlotte. Your inclinations shall be my choice.

Two months before the marriage, Sir Charles put into his sister's hands a paper sealed up. Receive this, my Caroline, said he, as from your father's bounty, in compliance with what your mother would have wished, had we been blessed with her life. When you oblige Lord L. with one hand, make him, with the other, this present; and intitle yourself to all the gratitude, with which your worthy heart will overflow, on both occasions. I have done but my duty; I have performed only an article of the will, which I have made in my mind for my father, as time was not lent to make one for himself. He saluted her and withdrew, before she broke the seal; and when she did, she found in it bank notes for ten thousand pounds.

She threw herself into a chair, and was unable, for some time, to stir, but recovering herself, hurried out to find her brother. She was told he was in his sister's apartment. She found him not there, but Charlotte in tears. Sir Charles had just left her. What ails my Charlotte? said she. O this brother! my Caroline, cried the other: there is no bearing his generous goodness. She took it up, and found it was for the same sum he had given her, and to carry interest. The two sisters congratulated and wept over each other as if distressed. Caroline found out her brother; but when she approached him, could not utter one word of what she had meditated to say; but dropping down on one knee, could only express her gratitude by her lifted-up hands and eyes.

Just

Just as he had raised and seated her, entered to them the equally grateful Charlotte. He placed her next her sister, and drawing a chair for himself, taking a hand of each, he thus addressed himself to them. My dear sisters, you are too sensible of these, but due instances of my brotherly love. It has pleased God to take from us our father and mother, and we must supply to each other their wants. Look upon me only as an executor of a will, that ought to have been made, and perhaps would, had time been given. My circumstances are greater than I expected; greater, I dare say, than my father thought they would be; and less than I have done, could not be done, by a brother who had power to do this. You don't know how much you will oblige me, if you never say one word more on this subject. You will act with less dignity than becomes my sisters, if you look upon what I have done in any other light than as your due.

Sir Charles, at the end of eight months from his father's death, gave Caroline, with his own hand, to Lord L. who carried her down to Scotland, where she was greatly admired and caressed by all her relations. Sir Charles accompanied the Lord and Lady L. as far on their way as York; where he made a visit to Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, his father's maiden sister, who resided there. She having heard of his goodness to his sisters, and to every body else with whom he had any concerns, longed to see him; and on this occasion rejoiced in the opportunity he gave her to congratulate, to bless, and applaud her nephew.

It

It is now necessary for some time to leave Sir Charles, in order to make the reader acquainted with another character, who will make no inconsiderable figure in the following part of this work. Miss Harriet Byron, a most accomplished young lady, who had united in her face, feature, complexion, grace and expression, which very few women, even of those most celebrated for their beauty, have singly in equal degree; who has a heart that is equally pure and open, and a fine mind legible in her lovely and expressive countenance. This lady, who was justly the delight and pride of her relations, and the admiration of all who either saw or conversed with her, was taken to London by her aunt Rees, who paid a visit to her relations at Selby-house, where Miss Byron lived.

Among the several admirers of this lady, was Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a gay, proud and conceited fop, with a handsome person, and an estate of eight hundred thousand pounds a year. The baronet had been accidentally in her company, when she enlivened the conversation with the most agreeable sallies of wit, and waiting upon her afterwards at Mr. Reeve's, he there made an open declaration of his passion, in the presence of her uncle and aunt; on which Miss Harriet frankly told him, that she thanked him for his good opinion of her, but could not encourage his addresses. He seemed amazed at this declaration, and repeating cannot encourage my addresses! said, that he had been assured that her affections were not engaged; but that surely it must be a mistake. She asked if it was a necessary consequence, that the woman who could not receive the

the addressee of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, must be engaged? Why, madam—as to that, said he, I know not what to say—but to a man of my fortune, and I hope not absolutely disagreeable either in person or temper, of some rank in life—what, madam, if you are as much in earnest as you seem, can be your objection? be so good as to name it. We do not, said she, we cannot all like the same person. Women, I have heard say, are very capricious. Perhaps I am so. But there is a something (we cannot always say what) that attracts or disgusts us. Disgusts! madam—disgusts! Miss Byron, cried he. I spoke in general, Sir, replied the lady; I dare say, nineteen women out of twenty would think themselves favoured in the address of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. You, Sir, may have more merit, perhaps, than the man I may happen to approve of better, but—shall I say? added she; pardon me, Sir, you do not—you do not hit my fancy. If pardon depends upon my breath, cried he, let me die, die if I do!—Not hit your fancy, madam! (and then he looked upon himself all round) Not hit your fancy, madam!

In short, Sir Hargrave, exasperated at the thoughts of her rejecting so accomplished a person as himself, behaved with great insolence, and charged her with pride, cruelty and ingratitude, when the lady, not willing to stay to be insulted, begged his excuse, and withdrew in haste.

The baronet soon paid Miss Byron another visit to apologize for his behaviour in the last, and then making vehement professions of love, offered to make her large settlements, and told her, that she should prescribe to him in every thing, as to place
of

of residence, excursions, even to her going abroad to France, to Italy, and wherever she pleased. To all which she answered as before; and when he insisted upon her reasons for refusing him, frankly told him, that she owned it was with some reluctance, that she had not the opinion of his morals that she must have of those of the man on whom she must build her hopes of present happiness, and to whose guidance intrust her future. Sir Hargrave stormed, repeating my morals, madam; you have no opinion of my morals, madam, and after shewing several menacing airs, departed abruptly.

As Miss Byron had never been in London before, Lady Betty Williams, a near relation of Mr. Reeves, insisted on accompanying Miss Byron to a ball at the opera-house in the Haymarket, and of providing her with a dress. Mr. Reeves was a hermit, Mrs. Reeves, a nun, Lady Betty, a lady abbess, and Miss Byron an Arcadian princess: she had a white Paris net-cap, glittering with spangles, and incircled by a chaplet of artificial flowers, with a small white flower on the left side. Her hair hung down in natural ringlets to shade her neck. A kind of waistcoat of blue satin trimmed with silver point *d'Espagne* the skirts edged with silver fringe; this waistcoat was made to fit close to her waist by silver clasps; there was a small silver clasp at the end of each clasp, and all was set off with bugles and spangles. A kind of scarf of white Persian silk was fastened to her shoulders, which flew loose behind. Her petticoat was of blue satin, trimmed and fringed as her waistcoat.—
She

She had a Venetian mask, and bracelets on her arms.

Miss Byron took no pleasure in the place, or the shoals of fools that swarmed about her. The glitter of her dress, which attracted the eyes of the observers, threw her into confusion: the insipid and absurd behaviour of all around her, made her despise both herself and them.

About two in the morning Mr. Reeves waited on her to her chair, and saw her into it before he attended Lady Betty and his wife into theirs; and observing that neither the chair nor the chairmen were those who brought her, he asked the meaning of it, and was told by her servant, who had been hired but a few days before, that the chairmen had been inveigled away to drink, and that he having waited two hours, and not returning, he had hired a chair to supply their place. The chair moved off with the servant with his lighted flambeau before it. The chairmen had carried her a great way, when calling out several times, they stopt, and her servant asked her commands, Where am I, William? said she. Just at home, madam, he answered; and on her observing that they must have come a round-about way, he told her that they had done so on purpose to avoid the crowd of chairs and coaches. They proceeded onwards, but presently after undrawing the curtains, and finding herself in the open fields, and soon after the lights put out, she pierced the night air with her screams, till she could scream no more. She was at last taken out in fits, and when she came a little to her senses

senses, she found herself on a bed with three women about her ; one at her head holding a bottle to her nose, her nostrils sore with hartshorn, and a strong smell of burnt feathers ; but no man near her.

Where am I ? Who are you, madam ? were the first questions she asked. No harm is intended you, said the eldest of them ; you are to be made one of the happiest of women. We would not be concerned in a bad action. I hope not ; I hope not returned she, you seem to be a mother ; these young gentlewomen, I presume are your daughters. Save me from ruin, I beseech you, madam ; save me from ruin as you would your daughters. This must be the vile contrivance of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Is it not ? Is it not ? Tell me ; I beg of you to tell me.

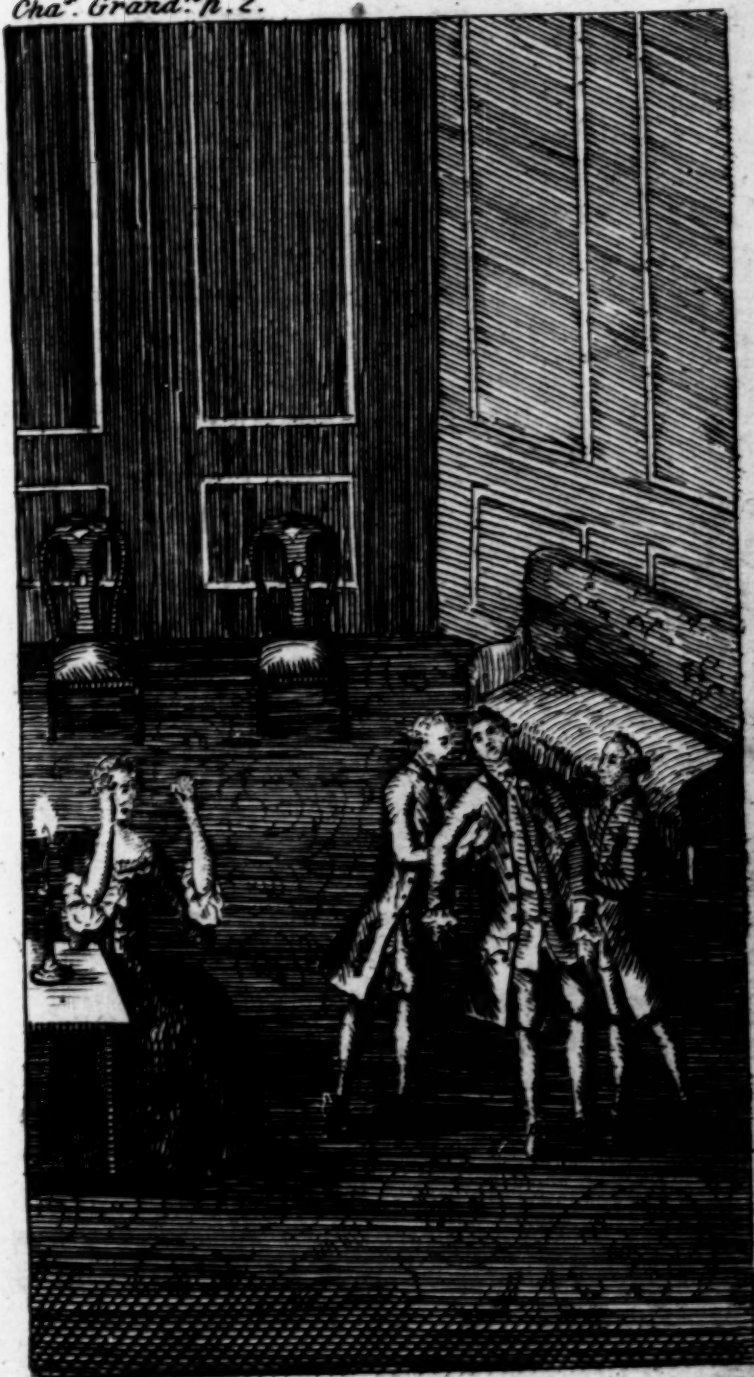
Miss Byron then arose, and sat on the side of the bed ; and at that moment in came the vile Sir Hargrave. She screamed out. He threw himself at her feet ; but finding that the women could hardly keep her out of a fit, retired. On her reviving, she began to beg and offer rewards if they would facilitate her escape. But she had hardly begun to speak before Sir Hargrave entered again, and, with greater haughtiness than before, bid her not needlessly terrify herself, and told the women they might withdraw. As they went out, she pushed by the mother, and between the daughters, followed the foremost into the parlour, and then sunk down on her knees, wrapping her arms about her, and crying, O save me ! save me !

Sir

Sir Hargrave entered, when Miss Byron leaving the room, and kneeling to him, if you have mercy, if you have compassion, let me now, now, I beseech you, sir, experience your mercy. The women again withdrew, and he answered, I have besought you, madam, and on my knees too, to shew me mercy; but none would you shew me. Kneel, if you will, in your turn. Now are the tables turned. Barbarous man! said she, rising from her knees; but her spirits instantly subsiding, Be not, I beseech you, Sir Hargrave, cruel to me, I never was cruel to any body, you know I was civil to you. Yes, yes, and very determined, he returned; you called me no names. I call you none, Miss Byron. Sweet creature, added he, clasping his arms about her; your very terror is beautiful! I can enjoy your terror, madam; and then offering to kiss her, she turned aside her head; on which he added, I don't hit your fancy, madam! You don't like my morals, madam!

And is this the way, Sir Hargrave, said she, are these the means you take to convince me that I ought to like them? Well, madam, cried he, you shall prove the mercy in me, you would not shew. Be mine, madam, be legally mine. I offer you my honest hand: consent to be Lady Pollexfen.—No punishment, I hope—or take the consequence.—What, sir, said she, weeping bitterly, and threw herself trembling on the window seat, justify by so poor, so very poor a compliance, steps that you have so basely taken! Take my life, sir, but my hand and my heart are my own; they never shall be separated. You cannot fly me, madam, he replied; you are securely

Cha^r. Grandⁿ. n. 2.





curely mine; and mine still more securely you shall be. Don't provoke me; don't make me desperate.

Then throwing himself at her feet, he embraced her knees with his arms. She was terrified and screamed, and in ran one of the daughters, crying, Good fir! Pray fir!—Did you not say you would be honourable? The mother followed her in, Sir, fir! in my house——

What a plague, cried he, do you come in for? I thought you knew your own sex better than to mind a woman's squalling. I have not offered the least rudeness. Dear blessed, blessed woman, cried the lady frantic, with mingled terror and joy, to find herself in better hands than she expected. Protect me! Save me! Indeed I have not deserved this treacherous treatment. Nay, dear lady, the woman returned, if Sir Hargrave will make you his true and lawful wife, there can be no harm done, surely. She then turning to him, told him, the gentleman was without.

Instantly entered a most horrid looking clergyman; he was a tall, big-boned, splay-footed man, in a shabby gown, as shabby a wig, with a huge red pimpled face, and a nose that, when he looked on one side, hid half his face. He had a dog's-eared common-prayer-book in his hand, which had once been gilt, and which was opened at the page of matrimony.

She was so intent on making a friend when a clergyman appeared, that paying yet but little attention to his horrid visage, she pushed by Sir Hargrave, turning him half round with her vehemence.

hemence, and making the woman of the house totter, when throwing herself at the clergyman's feet, Man of God! Good, dear, reverend sir! cried she, save a poor creature, basely tricked away from her friends—save me from violence! Give not your aid to sanctify a base act.

The man snuffed his answer through his nose, and when he opened his pouch mouth, the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth. He squinted upon her, and taking her clasped hands, which were buried in his fist, Rise, madam! said he; kneel not to me! No harm is intended you. One question only. Who is that gentleman before me, in silver-laced clothes? He is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, sir, said she; a wicked, a very wicked man. O madam! returned he, a very hon-our-able man! bowing, like a sycophant, to Sir Hargrave. Then asking her name, and she telling it him; Sir Hargrave took her hand, and the snuffing priest began: "Dearly beloved."

The lovely Miss Byron again behaved like one frantic, and crying, Read no more! dashed the book out of his hand; I beg your pardon, sir! but you must read no further. I am basely betrayed hither. I cannot, I will not be his. Proceed, proceed, sir, said Sir Hargrave, taking her hand by force; virago as she is, I will own her for my wife. "Dearly beloved," again snuffed the minister. She stamped, and threw herself to the length of her arm, as Sir Hargrave held her struggling hand, crying No dearly beloveds; and the minister proceeded, "We are gathered together in the sight of God." I adjure you, sir, said she, by that God in whose
sight

fight you read we are gathered together, to proceed no further. I adjure you, Sir Hargrave, in the same tremendous name, that you stop further proceedings. My life take, with all my heart take my life; but my hand never, never will I join with yours. Proceed doctor: doctor pray proceed, said the vile Sir Hargrave. When the day dawns she will be glad to own her marriage. Proceed at your peril, sir, said she. If you are really a minister of God, do not proceed. Do not make me desperate.—Madam, turning to the window, you are a mother, and have given me room to hope you are a good woman; look upon me as if I were one of those daughters whom I see before me.—Could you see one of them thus treated?—Dear young women, turning to each, can you unconcernedly look on and see a young creature tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, basely treated, and not make my case your own? Speak for me! Plead for me: each of you, if you are women, as you would yourselves wish to be pleaded for in my circumstances, and were thus barbarously used!—A soul, gentlewomen, you have to answer for, I can die; but never, never will I be his.

The young women wept, and the mother being moved, desired that they might talk to the lady by themselves. This was granted, and retiring into another room, they pleaded Sir Hargrave's great estate, his honourable love, his handsome person, her danger, and their being unable to save her from worse treatment. Miss Byron on the other hand, pleaded her contempt of riches, her invincible aversion, and then cried,

D. 2

How!

How!—Not able! Ladies, is not this your own house? Cannot you raise your neighbours? Have you no neighbours? A thousand pounds will I order to be paid into your hands for a present before the week is out; I pledge my honour for the payment; if you will but save from a violence, that no worthy woman can see offered to a distressed creature!—A thousand pounds—dear ladies! only to save me, and see me safe to my friends!

The wretches in the next room heard all that passed, and at that moment came in Sir Hargrave, and with a visage swelled with malice, desired that the young women might go to bed, and leave him to talk with the perverse beauty. He called her cruel, proud and ungrateful, and swore that if she would not allow him to exalt her into Lady Pollexfen, he would humble her. Pray, Sir, said the youngest of the two daughters, and wept. Greatly hurt, indeed, said he, to be the wife of a man of my fortune and consequence! But leave her to me, I say,—I will bring down her pride. What a devil am I to creep, beg, pray, intreat, and only for a wife? But, Madam, said the insolent wretch, you will be mine upon easier terms, perhaps.

Sir Hargrave then led the mother and youngest daughter to the door, the eldest following them of her own accord. Miss Byron besought them not to go, and when they did, would have thrust herself out with them; but the wretch Sir Hargrave, in shutting them out, squeezed her dreadfully, as she was half in, half out; and her nose gushed out with blood, her stomach was very much pressed, and one of her arms bruised; she
screamed;

screamed ; he seemed frightened ; but instantly recovering herself, So, so, cried she, you have killed me, I hope.—Well, now I hope, now I hope, you are satisfied. I forgive you ; only leave me to my own sex. She was, indeed, in violent pain, her head swam, her eyes failed her, and she fainted away.

Sir Hargrave was in the most dreadful consternation, running about the room, and calling upon God to have mercy upon him ; having let in the women, they lamented over her, saying, she had death in her face. But Sir Hargrave, in the midst of his terror, was careful of his own safety, for seizing her bloody handkerchief, he said, if she did not recover, that should not appear against him, and hastening into the next room, he thrust it into the fire ; by which were sitting the minister and his helper, over some burnt brandy. O gentlemen ! cried he, nothing can be done to-night. Take this, giving them money. The lady is in a fit. I wish you well home. They however proposed to sit in the chimney-corner till peep of day ; but the women not thinking her likely to recover, one of them ran into them, and declared that the lady was dead, on which, calling for another dram, they snatched up their hats and sticks, and away they hurried.

When the lady came to herself, she found nobody but the three women with her ; she was in a cold sweat, and as there was no fire in the room, they led her into the parlour which the two men had quitted, and placed her in an elbow chair ; for she could hardly stand or support herself, and then chafed her temples with Hungary-

water. The mother and eldest sister left her soon after and went to Sir Hargrave, and at length the youngest sister was called out, and instantly came in Sir Hargrave, who took a chair and sat down by Miss Byron, biting his lips, and looking at her from time to time as in malice, she still feeling a violent pain in her stomach and arms.

At last the lady broke silence, resolving not to provoke him to do her father mischief.—Well, have you done, Sir Hargrave, to commit such violence upon a poor young creature that never did nor thought you evil? What distraction have you given to my cousin Reeves! She stopt, and he continued silent. These people, Sir, seem to be honest people. I hope you designed only to terrify me. Your bringing me into no worse company is an assurance to me that you meant better, than—Devils all!—interrupted he—She again stopt, and presently after resumed, I forgive you, Sir, the pain you have given me.—But my friends—as soon as day breaks I will get the woman to let my cousin Reeves—

Then up he started: Miss Byron, proceeded he, after a pause, you are the most consummate hypocrite that I ever knew in my life. She was silent and trembled. Damn'd fool! ass! block-head! woman's fool! cried he, I could curse myself for sending away the parson. But your arts, your hypocrisy, shall not serve you, madam. What I failed in here, shall be done elsewhere. She wept, but could not speak. Can't you go into fits again? Can't you? cried he, with an air of a piece with his words. God deliver me, prayed she to herself, from the hands of this madman! She arose, and as the candle stood near the glass,

glass, she saw herself in the habit, to which she had till then paid little attention. Pray, Sir Hargrave, said she, let me beg that you will not terrify me father. I will forgive you for what you have hitherto done, and place it to my own account, as a proper punishment for consenting to be thus marked for a vain and foolish creature. Your abuse, Sir, give me leave to say, is low and unmanly; but in the light of a punishment I will own it to be all deserved. Let my punishment end here, and I will thank you, and forgive you with my whole heart. He told her, that her fate was determined, and a servant-maid giving him a capuchin, he repeated, Your fate is determined, madam—Here, put this on—Now fall into fits again!—Put this on.

In short, she again begged, prayed, and would have kneeled to him; but all in vain; the capuchin was put on, whether she would or no, and afterwards being muffled up in a man's cloak, in spite of all her struggles, prayers, and resistance, he lifted her into a chariot and six, which was brought to the door. There were several men on horseback, among whom was her own servant, and Sir Hargrave entering, said to that fellow, You know what tale to tell if you meet with impertinents; and on her screaming out, he upbraidingly cried, Scream on, my dear, and barbarously mocked her, imitating the bleating of a sheep. Then rearing himself up, cried, exulting, Now am I lord of Miss Byron!

At the first setting out, she once or twice cried out for help; when, under the pretence of preventing her taking cold, he tied a handkerchief over her face, head and mouth, and having first

muffled her up in the cloak, leaning against her with his whole weight, he held both her hands in his left hand, while his right arm, being thrown round her, kept her on the seat. When she called out for help at the approach of passengers, she heard one of the men represent Sir Hargrave as the best of husbands, and herself as the worst of wives. Thus did every glimmering ray of hope vanish from her mind.

Sir Charles Grandison now expecting Lord and Lady L. who were returning from Scotland, had been to that nobleman's seat at Colnebrook, where he had left his sister Charlotte, to see every thing put in order for their reception, and was returning to town in his chariot and six, when meeting Sir Hargrave's chariot, the coachman seemed inclined to dispute the way, and Sir Hargrave looking out to see the occasion, the lady found means to disengage one hand, and on hearing a gentleman directing his coachman to give way, she pushed up the handkerchief from her mouth, and down from her eyes, and cried out, Help, help, for God's sake. The gentleman ordered his coachman to stop, and Sir Hargrave, cursing his coachman, cried, Drive on; drive on when I bid you. The lady again cried out for help, when Sir Charles ordered his servants on horseback to stop the postilion of the other chariot, and bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril. Sir Hargrave, with vehement execrations, continued calling out, on the contrary side of the chariot to that Sir Charles was on. Upon which Sir Charles alighted, walked round to the other side, and the lady endeavouring to cry out, he saw Sir Hargrave struggle

struggle to put the handkerchief over her mouth, swearing outrageously. And the lady instantly seeing the stranger, spread out both her hands, repeating, For God's sake—Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, by heavens, said Sir Charles. You are engaged, I doubt, in a very bad affair. I am Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and carrying away a fugitive wife.—Your own wife, Sir Hargrave? Yes, said he, swearing by his Maker; and she was going to elope from me at a damned masquerade. See! drawing aside the cloak, detected in the very dress! O no! no! no! said the lady. Proceed, coachman, cried Sir Hargrave, and cursed and swore. Let me ask the lady a question, Sir Hargrave? You are impertinent, Sir, said the villain. Who the devil are you? Are you, madam, Lady Pollexfen? said Sir Charles. O no! no! no! was all she could say.

Two of Sir Charles's servants instantly rode up to him, and the third held the head of the horse on which the postilion sat. Three of Sir Hargrave's approached on their horses; but seemed as if afraid of coming too near, and parlied together. Have an eye to those fellows, said Sir Charles; some base work is on foot; and then addressing himself to Sir Hargrave's coachman, who lashed his horses on, cried, Sirrah, proceed at your peril. Sir Hargrave then, with violent curses and threatnings, ordered him to drive over every one that opposed him. And Sir Charles bidding him proceed at his peril, turned to the lady, saying, Madam, will you—O Sir, Sir, Sir, cried she, relieve, help me, for God's sake! I am in a villain's hands! tricked, vilely tricked into a villain's hands. Help, help, for God's

fake! Sir Hargrave then drew his sword, and called upon his servants to fire at all that opposed his passage. My servants, Sir, said Sir Charles, have fire-arms as well as yours. They will not dispute my orders. Don't provoke me to give the word. Then addressing the lady, Will you, madam, put yourself into my protection? O yes, yes, Sir, said she, with my whole heart—dear Sir, protect me?

Sir Charles then opening the chariot-door, Sir Hargrave made a pass at him, crying, Take that, for your insolence, scoundrel; but Sir Charles being aware of the thrust, put it by; the sword, however, raked his shoulder. His own sword was in his hand, but undrawn, and the chariot door remaining open, he seized Sir Hargrave by the collar before he could recover himself from the pass he had made; and with a jerk, and a kind of twist, laid him under the hind wheel of his chariot. Then wrenching his sword from him, he snapped it, and flung the two pieces over his head.

Miss Byron, notwithstanding the disorder of her mind, had disengaged herself from the man's cloak. Sir Charles had not yet the leisure to consider her dress; he was, however, struck with the beauty of her person, but still more with her terror. He offered her his hand, but thought not now of the footstep, any more than before; nor did she think of any thing but her deliverance; for, instead of accepting his offered hand, she threw herself into his arms, and was ready to faint. He carried her round Sir Hargrave's horses, and seated her in his chariot, assuring her, that she was in honourable hands, and that he would

would convey her to his sister, a young lady of virtue and honour; and shutting the door, begged her to fear nothing, for he would attend her in a moment.

Sir Hargrave's men had fled, and Sir Charles's having pursued them a little way, were returning to support their master, when bidding one of them tell Sir Hargrave who he was, he stepped back to his chariot, where he found the lady sunk down through terror to the bottom of it, where she lay panting, and could only say at his approach, Save me! save me!

Sir Charles re-assured her, lifted her on the seat, and carried her to his sister. Miss Charlotte was too much surprised at her brother's unexpected return, and too much affected with the disorder visible in the lady's countenance, to give much attention at first to her dress. She found her trembling as she sat, and Sir Charles, in a very tender manner, assuring her of his and his sister's kindest protection; on which that lady saluting her, bid her thrice welcome to that house. Miss Byron, too deeply humbled by her distress, threw herself on her knees to Miss Charlotte; when Sir Charles and that lady having raised her to her seat, You see before you, Madam, said she, a strange creature, and looked at her dress; but I hope you will believe I am an innocent one. This vile appearance was not my choice. Fie upon me! I must be thus dressed out for a masquerade; hated diversion! I never had a notion of it. Think not hardly, Sir, added she, her hands clasped and held up, of her whom you have so generously delivered. Think not.

not hardly of me, Madam, turning to her, I am not a bad creature. That vile, vile man!

Charlotte, said Sir Charles, you will make it your first care to raise the spirits of this injured beauty; your next to take her directions, and inform her friends of her safety. Such an admirable young lady as this cannot be missed an hour without exciting the fears of all her friends for her. Then sending for a very eminent physician, and repeating that she was in honourable hands, and that his sister would take pleasure in obliging her, he took his leave.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves were in the greatest consternation, when at their coming home from the masquerade, they found not Miss Byron at home. They instantly sent to the Lady Betty's who could give them no information. Every method that could be thought of was taken to discover the place to which she was carried, but without effect, till they received a letter from Miss Grandison, by which they were informed that she had been cruelly treated, but was now in safe and honourable hands, and that though she was very ill, she was better than she had been.

Mr. Reeve's accordingly set out for Lord L's, taking with him a portmanteau filled with Miss Byron's clothes, and there found his lovely cousin very ill: but filled with gratitude for the favours she received from Sir Charles, and his amiable sister.

Sir Hargrave was much bruised by his being pulled in so forcible a manner out of his chariot; but what was still a greater mortification to this vain fop, was his having three of his teeth struck

out with the fall, and his upper lip cut through, and which he was obliged to have sewed up. He vowed revenge against Sir Charles, and was no sooner recovered than he sent him a challenge. But Sir Charles, though perfectly skilled in all the offensive weapons, was resolved never to make use of them except in his own defence. He knew that duelling was contrary both to the laws of God and to society, and fearless of the censures that might be thrown upon him, vindicated the right he had to guard his own life, and to spare himself the guilt of murder; yet justified what he had done, and boldly asserted, that was he to find Sir Hargrave again guilty of a notorious violation of the laws of justice and humanity, he would again exert himself, in order to save the innocent from his brutality.

Sir Charles and his sister Charlotte, greatly delighted with the conversation, the delicate sentiments, and many engaging qualities of their lovely guest, grew extremely fond of her; to shew their affection they gave her the title of sister; and on Lord and Lady L's arrival, after Miss Byron's return to Mr. Reeves, they were conducted thither by Sir Charles and Miss Charlotte, that they might see and acknowledge their new relation. Miss Byron's mind was filled with gratitude to her generous benefactor, and with an admiration of his virtues that admitted of daily increase, and which by the familiarity allowed by that virtuous friendship which subsisted between her and Sir Charles, together with Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison, instantly ripened into love. All these persons seemed to be actuated by one soul; Sir Charles was, as

the

the tender friend, as the affectionate brother; and Lord L. his Lady and her sister, considered him not only as their brother, but as their better father, and gloried in their relation to him as their highest honour. He, upon every new occasion that called for his virtues, was the subject of their praise; and Miss Byron frequently residing at Lord L's seat for several days together, was informed of all the circumstances of his life, that had come to their knowledge.

In one of these visits to Lord L's, when Miss Byron was enjoying with the ladies of Sir Charles's family all the delights that arise from an unreserved sympathy of soul, their brother suddenly set out for Canterbury, without acquainting them with the reason of his journey. They at first imagined that he might be carried there by love, and Miss Byron suffered some little inquietude on that supposition; but on his return they were informed of the following particulars: Mr. Danby, the French merchant, whose life Sir Charles had saved when in France, being in a languishing state, was desirous to die in his native country, and accordingly landed at Dover; but being obliged to stop at Canterbury, in his way to town, sent for Sir Charles, and yielded to the common destiny; his body was afterwards brought to town. He had two nephews and a niece, who owed to him their education, to each of whom he had given a thousand pounds, to put the young men out apprentices to merchants of credit, and enable them to make a reputable appearance; and he had made them hope, that at his death, he would leave each of them three thousand pounds more,

but

but on the attempt made upon his life by villains set at work by his wicked brother, the father of those nephews and that niece, of which they, however, were innocent, he left the bulk of his fortune, which was very considerable, to Sir Charles, and made him his executor and residuary legatee, after bequeathing to each of the three, one thousand pounds; making some generous remembrances to three of his friends in France, and requesting his executor to dispose of three thousand to charitable uses, either in France or England, as he thought, and to what particular objects he pleased.

Sir Charles, had he strictly executed this will, would have been a considerable gainer, as Mr. Danby's effects in money, bills, stocks, and jewels, amounted to upwards of thirty thousand pounds: but though he was a little offended that neither of Mr. Danby's nephews nor his niece attended the funeral, to which he had invited them; nor were present at the opening of the will, though he sent to them for that purpose, he was resolved to make up the defects, occasioned on the one hand by a resentment extended to the innocent, and on the other, by what Sir Charles thought too deep a sense of gratitude for the timely assistance he had afforded him. Sir Charles, therefore desired Mr. Sylvester, their attorney, who came to excuse their attendance, to advise the young people to recollect themselves, telling him, that he was disposed to be kind to them, and wished they would, with marks of confidence in him, give him a particular account of their views, prospects and engagements,

Mr.

Mr. Sylvester had not been gone above two hours, when he sent a note to Sir Charles, desiring to be permitted to wait on him that same evening with some of his clients. They were received with marks of respect, and then they were asked what were their expectations from their uncle? The two young gentlemen told Sir Charles, that his father had promised to give them as much as would set them up in trade, and as for the young lady, she was to have been married to the son of a merchant.

Sir Charles, with all the good nature that must forever mark the character of the man of true generosity, told the young gentlemen, that they should have five thousand pounds each, besides such legacies as had been left for them, and their sister was to have the same sum as a marriage portion. He concluded by telling them that he would not only give them the above sums, but also, that on all future occasions, he would be ready to serve them, upon which they burst into tears.

Sir Charles finding that his presence rather made them uneasy, withdrew for some time to his study, but soon after returned, and told them, that the pleasure he felt in being of service to them was more than he could express, and that the consciousness thereof was a sufficient reward. He desired the young gentlemen, as they were now entering upon business, to take religion along with them, and with all their dealings with others, to temper justice with mercy, especially when debts were due to them, and not to take such advantages as would on any account ruin

ruin those who had in some instances been unfortunate.

The brothers declared that his conduct should be the example that they would constantly imitate, and the young lady could only express her gratitude by her looks. When he dismissed them, he told them, that he hoped they would let him hear from them soon, and in the mean time he would take care to perform all that he had promised.

Miss Byron was charmed at such generosity, in one who had delivered her from confinement; and Sir Charles's sister told her that such was the constant conduct of their brother. They knew that Miss Byron was a most amiable young lady; but they had some suspicion that their brother was in love with some foreign beauty. In order to discover the real state of their brother's mind, they applied for information to the good Dr. Bartlet, who was well acquainted with every particular, but the doctor referred them to their brother. Accordingly they asked him, Whether he had any thoughts of marriage? but at that time he gave them no answer. In a few days after he sent for Miss Byron into Lord L——'s study, and repeated the whole story to her of Clementina; at which she was very much affected; and considered herself as an unhappy slave to a fruitless passion.

Sir Charles went next day to visit Miss Byron, at the house of her uncle Reeves, and told her, that the bishop, brother of Clementina, had sent him a letter, earnestly desiring that he would once more return to Bologna. He added, that although the marchioness had seconded the request

quest of her son, yet the rest of the family, particularly the general, were of a very different opinion; for religion, or rather superstition, was the reigning motive that gave life to all their actions, and kept their minds in a state of slavery.

They had taken their daughter Clementina to Urbino, in order to divert her melancholy, and from thence to Naples, where they embarked for Leghorn, and then returned to Bologna through Florence. She was again sent back to Florence, where she was put under the direction of the lady Sforza and her daughter Laura, who because of her superior accomplishments, treated her with the utmost cruelty.

Her maid Laura, who continued to attend her, was always sent out of the way when any cruelty was to be inflicted on the young lady. One day when the honest servant was shut out of her lady's apartment, she listened at the door, and heard Laura calling her by the most opprobrious names. The poor young lady asked what reason she had to use her so, adding, that if God had in any measure afflicted her, she was then an object of pity, and ought not to be treated in so inhuman a manner. Laura told her that all was done for her good, and with an air of disdain, going out of the room, said that she would bring the strait waistcoat.

Poor Clementina was terrified to the utmost, and therefore hid herself under a part of the stairs, but she was soon discovered by her cloaths, and dragged out, after which the waistcoat was put upon her, and she was confined to her chamber. The servant sent an account of this cruel transaction

to father Marescotti, who was greatly affected with it, and on his return to Bologna, told the whole affair to the bishop, who sent an account thereof to the general, requesting him to give his assistance in rescuing their sister from such a state of cruel confinement. Accordingly the young lady was released, but the cruel usage with which she had been treated, had almost broken her spirits.

Miss Byron wept when she heard this narrative, upon which Sir Charles shewed her another letter from Jeronymo, which informed him that Clementina was in a very dangerous way. Miss Byron, though in love beyond what she could express, yet turning to Sir Charles, told him that her heart bled for the distresses of the suffering lady.

He took her to her seat, and pulling a chair for himself, told her that he had received another letter from the bishop, and in answer to it, had sent notice that he would once more return to Italy, to try if he could not, by his advice, settle the peace of a noble and worthy family. He added, that every thing was ready for his departure, and that he had engaged one of the most skilful surgeons to go along with him, in order to attend Jeronymo.

Sir Charles having seen his sister Charlotte happily married to Lord G——, who had for some time paid his addresses to her; he settled his domestic affairs, and set out for Italy by the way of France, attended by Mr. Lowther and an eminent surgeon. He staid no longer at Paris than just to pay some legacies that had been left by Mr. Danby, and there he received an account that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen had been attacked by
several

several ruffians, who were then attempting to murder him. Sir Charles no sooner heard the news, than he rode to the place, attended by three servants, where he found the gentleman calling out for mercy, while his assailants were exercising their whips upon him and his companion.

When Sir Charles arrived, he demanded to know what was the reason they used the gentlemen in that manner, upon which they told him to be upon his guard, as each of them had pistols. They demanded a conference, which Sir Charles granted, upon condition that they would immediately desist from attacking the gentleman. The four assailants then told Sir Charles that they were not robbers, that they had no intention to commit murder, but that the persons whom they wanted to punish, were a set of the most abandoned villains. At that instant Mr. Lowther, the surgeon, came up, and Sir Charles having raised one of the gentlemen, who was all over blood, asked the surgeon whether his wounds were mortal.

Mr. Lowther having examined the wound, declared that it was not mortal, upon which Sir Charles turning to the assailants, told them that he expected they would submit to give an account of their conduct before a proper tribunal. Upon his mentioning these words, one of the gentlemen answered him, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen had attempted, along with some of his dissolute companions, to violate the chastity of a lady at Abbeville, and that they were her relations, who had followed the villains, in order to treat them as they deserved. They added, that all they desired,

fired, was, that they would ask pardon on their knees, and then they were willing to leave them under his protection, seeing he appeared to be a man of honour.

Sir Charles turning to Sir Hargrave, told him, that if he had done wrong, his duty was to acknowledge it, but if not, he would take care that his countryman should not be reduced to so much disgrace in a foreign country.

Meanness is the inseparable companion of wickedness, and no sooner had Sir Charles done speaking, than they fell on their knees, and asked pardon, upon which the strangers rode off, leaving them to the agonising pains and horrors of a guilty conscience. By this time, Sir Hargrave's chaise had arrived, and Sir Charles, with the assistance of his servants, having helped him into it, went to his own, and arrived at the house of Count de Belvidere, where he found the bishop with some friends waiting for him. Father Marefcott was along with them, and the Count treated every one of them with the greatest civility. Next day they set out for Italy, taking the Count along with them, who during their journey, told Sir Charles, that such was his passion for Clementina, that he could not give her up and therefore hoped that he would leave nothing undone to forward his suit.

When they arrived at Bologna, Sir Charles was received with every mark of respect, both by the marquis and marchioness. Having attended with the utmost care to the dressing of those wounds that Jeronymo had received, the young nobleman soon recovered, to the great joy of the family, who implored every blessing on our adventurer, and

and commended the surgeon as an angel sent from heaven. Mr. Lowther had an apartment assigned him near that where his patient lodged, and after they had been about five days at Bologna, Clementina arrived there along with her brother, the general, and his lady, for he had been married a few weeks, and nothing was to be seen but harmony among all those who were members of the family.

The general who had the highest notions of what is called honour, could not bear the thoughts that his sister should be married to an Englishman, and an heretic, and therefore he rather expressed himself with seeming coldness, and even with some marks of disdain. To all this Sir Charles paid no more regard, than that of taking notice of it, so that by a noble triumph over his passions, he convinced the general that he had a soul superior to every thing bordering on meanness.

Clementina was the picture of silent woe, and although she had never been wanting in duty to her mother, yet she seemed at that time to take no notice of her. In order to drive all melancholy thoughts out of her mind, it was proposed to have a ball, and Sir Charles was to be introduced to her.

When Clementina came into the company, she seemed wild, and having her eyes half shut, scarce took any notice of Sir Charles, while her mother wept to see her in such an unhappy state of mind, and Sir Charles was unable to utter one word. The general was stung with the deepest remorse, when he reflected on the part he had acted, and taking his sister by the arm, begged that

that she would once more make her relations happy. Her parents again shed tears, while the pious father Marescotti said all he could to reconcile her mind to the dictates of reason and religion.

In vain, however, did the whole family, as well as the confessor, endeavour to bring over Sir Charles as a convert to the church of Rome; he declared that he was so well convinced of the truth of christianity, that nothing should ever make him renounce its doctrines, while he enjoyed the right use of his reason. He told them, however, that she should have the free exercise of her religion, and that her daughters, if she had any, should be at her own disposal, to be educated in her own religion, but all the sons were to be brought up protestants.

These difficulties being over, and as the whole family seemed to be reconciled to the match, Sir Charles had not the least doubt but he would receive the heart and hand of his Clementina. But just at that time the Count Belvidere arrived at Bologna, and having visited Sir Charles, told him that he could not bear the thoughts of giving up all that was dear to him in the world, and therefore challenged our hero to fight. This, however, was what Sir Charles would by no means comply with, for although he was not afraid to fight, yet he had too much regard for the principles of our holy religion to venture his life, where there was no occasion for so doing.

Next day Sir Charles was introduced to Clementina, who received him in the most melancholy attitude, and having put a paper into his hand, desired him to leave her, at the same time
returning

returning to her closet, leaving him unable to express his sentiments. He attempted to follow her but in vain, for she shut the door, and falling on her knees, prayed that God would deliver her out of all her troubles. Sir Charles then opened the paper, and read as follows:

“ O thou whom my heart best loveth ; my tutor, my brother, my friend ! seek me not in marriage ! I am unworthy of thee. Thy soul was ever most dear to Clementina ; whenever I meditated the gracefulness of thy person, I restrained my eye, I checked my fancy, by meditating the superior graces of thy mind. And is not that soul, thought I, to be saved ? Dear obstinate, and perverse ! And shall I bind my soul to a soul allied to perdition ?—O thou most amiable of men ! how can I be sure, that, were I thine, thou wouldst not draw me after thee, by love, by sweetness of manners, by condescending goodness ? I, who once thought a heretic the worst of beings, have been already led by the amiableness of thy piety, by the universality of thy charity to all thy fellow creatures, to think more favourably of heretics, for thy sake. Of what force would be the advice of the most pious confessor, were thy condescending goodness, and sweet persuasion, to be exerted to melt a heart wholly thine ? I know that I should not forbear arguing with thee, in hopes to convince thee ; yet sensible of thy superior powers, and of my duty, might I not be entangled ? My confessor would, in that case, grow uneasy with me. Women love not to be suspected. Opposition arises from suspicion and contradiction ;
thy

thy love, thy gentleness, thrown in the other scale, should I not be lost? O thou whom my soul loveth, seek not to entangle me by thy love!

“ Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would mislead me from what I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy: since wert thou to convince me at the time, my doubts would return; and whenever thou wert absent, I should be doubly miserable. For, canst thou, can I, be indifferent in these high matters? Hast thou not shewn me, that thou canst not? And shall I not be benefited by thy example? Shall a wrong religion have a force, and efficacy, upon thee, which a right one cannot have upon me?—O thou most amiable of men! seek not to entangle me by thy love!

“ But dost thou indeed love me? or is it owing to thy generosity, thy nobleness, thy compassion, for a creature, who, aiming to be great, like thee, could not sustain the effort? I call upon the blessed Virgin, to witness, how I formerly struggled with myself! how much I endeavoured to subdue that affection which I ever must bear to him.—Permit me, most generous of men to subdue it. I know thou lovest Clementina: it is her pride to think that thou dost. But she is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own that thou lovest her soul, her immortal soul, and her future peace. In that wilt thou shew thy love, as she has endeavoured to shew hers. Thou art all magnanimity; thou canst sustain the effort which she was unequal to. Make some other woman happy! but let it not be an Italian.

E

“ Your

“ You, my father, my mother, my brothers, and you, my spiritual father, have helped to subdue me, by your generous goodness. You have all yielded up your own judgments to mine. You have told me, that if the choice of my heart can make me happy, happy I shall be. But shall I not, if it please God to restore my memory, be continually recollecting the arguments which your father Marescotti, in particular, formely urged against an alliance with this noblest of men, because he was of a religion so contrary to my own, and so pertinacious in it? And will these recollections make me happy? O permit me, permit me, my dearest friends, still to be God’s child? let me take the veil!—And let me pass the remainder of my life in prayers for you all, and for the conversion and happiness of the man, whose soul my soul loveth, and ever must love. What is the portion of this world, which my grandfathers have bequeathed to me, weighed against this motive, and my soul’s everlasting welfare?

“ O thou whom my soul loveth, let me try the greatness of thy love, and the greatness of thy soul, by thy endeavours to strengthen and not to impair a resolution, which, after all, it will be in thy power to make me break or keep! But my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? and shall I not endeavour to make the close of it happy?

“ But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for the obligations he hath heaped upon us all? In return for his goodness to two of your children? These obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows
not

not his magnanimity? Who, that knows him, knows not that he can enjoy the reward in the action? Divine, almost divine philanthropist, canst thou forgive me?—But I know thou canst. Thou hast the same notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come! And can I have the presumption to imagine, that the giving thee in marriage so wounded a frame, would be making thee happy? Once more, if I have the courage, the resolution, to shew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to complete the conquest of myself; and do not put me upon taking advantage of my honoured friend's generosity: but do God, and thou enable me to say, Not my will, but his and theirs be done!—Yet, after all, it must be, let me own, in thy choice (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to such exalted merit) to add what name thou pleasest to that of

“ CLEMENTINA——.”

Sir Charles at reading this paper was astonished, perplexed, and confounded, and at the same time filled with admiration at the angelic qualities of Clementina. He threw himself on a sofa, not heeding Camilla, who sat in the window. The lady rang. Camilla hastened to her. He started as she passed him, and arose; but on her return she roused him from the stupidity that had seized him. O Sir, said she, my lady dreads your anger; she dreads to see you; yet hopes it.—Hasten, hasten, and save her from fainting.

He hastened in. The admirable lady met him half way, and throwing herself at his feet, cried,

Forgive me, forgive the creature that must be miserable, if you are offended with her. He attempted to raise her, but she would not be raised, she said, till he had forgiven her. He then kneeled to her, as she kneeled, and clasping her in his arms, cried, Forgive you, Madam! inimitable woman!—Can you forgive me for having presumed, and for still presuming, to hope to call such an angel mine!

She was ready to faint, and cast her arms about Sir Charles to support herself. Camilla held to her her salts, and she again repeated, Am I, am I forgiven.—Say that I am. Forgiven! Madam! he returned; you have done nothing that requires forgiveness. I adore your greatness of mind!—What you wish, bid me be, and that I will be. Rise most excellent of human creatures!

Sir Charles raised her, and leading her to a chair, involuntarily kneeled on one knee to her; holding both her hands in his as she sat, and looking up to her with eyes full of love and reverence. Camilla had run down to the Marchioness, crying, O Madam! such a scene! Hasten, hasten up. They will faint in each other's arms. The Marchioness hastened after Camilla, and found him in this kneeling posture, her daughter's hands both in his. Dear Chevalier, said she, restrain your grateful rapture! For the sake of my child's head, grateful as I see by her eyes it must be to her—restrain it. O Madam, said Sir Charles, quitting Clementina's hands, and rising and taking one of hers, Glory in your daughter: You always loved and admired her; but you will now glory in her. She is an angel.—Give me leave, Madam, (to Clementina)

mentina) to present this paper to the Marchioness. He gave it to her, saying, Read it, Madam—Let your Lord, let the Bishop, let Father Mare-scotti read it.—But read it with compassion for me ; and then direct me what to say, what to do ! I resign myself wholly to your direction, and theirs ; and to yours, my dear Lady Clementina. You say, you forgive me, Chevalier, said the lady :—Now shall I forgive myself. God's goodness and yours will, I hope, perfectly restore me. This is my direction, Chevalier—Love my Mind, as yours ever was the principal object of my love.

The whole family were surprised at this happy turn, that had taken place in the affections of the young lady, and much more so at the condescension of Sir Charles, who was determined to do every thing in his power to promote her happiness, so far as conscience was not concerned. The young lady was so much overwhelmed with his goodness, that she could make no answer, and Sir Charles was afraid, that she would have fainted away in his arms. He told her that he would never urge her any more on the subject, unless her brother the bishop would give his consent, a circumstance that was not likely to happen. The violence of love, which of all passions, is the strongest, began to prey upon the mind of Sir Charles, and therefore he resolved, in order to divert his melancholy, to visit some of the states in Italy.

Accordingly he left Bologna, and after spending some time at Rome and Naples, returned to

England, where he was received by his friends with every demonstration of joy. The only thing that contributed towards damping his peace of mind, was the news of Miss Byron's being taken extremely ill, and that she was then along with her aunt, Mrs. Shirly, a maiden lady in Nottinghamshire. He set out immediately for the residence of his dear charmer, and having offered her a share of his heart, she gave him all the encouragement she could, consistent with female modesty. He told her that he was free from all connections with Clementina, and assured her that she had no reason to doubt his honour. In a word, the marriage was soon agreed on, and Miss Byron's friends having high notions of honour, proposed that the ceremony should be performed in the most public manner. Accordingly every necessary preparation was made, and the ladies, who were to attend, were dressed in the most elegant manner, but Miss Byron, although not much decorated with respect to outward appearance, made a more distinguishing figure than them all put together.

When they arrived at the church-yard they were met by several young girls, daughters of the tenants, all decently dressed, and carrying baskets of flowers to spread before the bridegroom and bride, but the crowd was so great, that they could scarce perform what they intended. The ceremony being over, Sir Charles led his lovely bride into the vestry, where her aged grandmother was waiting for her, and no sooner did the old lady see the amiable pair, than she dropped down on her knees, and implored a thousand blessings upon them. The bells were set a ringing

ringing the moment the ceremony was performed, and continued so till the whole company returned to the hall, where nothing but love and joy was to be seen.

An entertainment was provided for the tenants and their children in the park, and after dinner was over at the hall. Sir Charles went to attend them, his bride having declined to accompany him, as she had never been fond of popular applause. The tenants received Sir Charles as a father rather than a landlord, and wished him all the joy that a mortal can experience in this world. The happy day was concluded with a ball, and next morning Sir Charles sent a letter to Jeronymo, the brother of Clementina, to let her know that he was now married. The same day the church-wardens came to wait on him in behalf of the poor, and Sir Charles gave them gratuities according to their different circumstances, taking care to join prudence with charity in all his actions. Next Sunday the whole family made themselves ready to proceed to church, in order to adore that Supreme Being, who is the lord and author of life, and when they came there, the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon Sir Charles and his amiable spouse. People crowded from every part of the parish to see them; the honest and industrious wished them all manner of success, and the poor blessed them as benefactors sent down from heaven to release them.

Soon after the marriage of Sir Charles, he received a letter from Italy, informing him that the Lady Clementina had eloped from her relations, and had taken her passage on board an English ship,

ship, attended with no more than one servant. This gave the most sensible uneasiness to Sir Charles, but as he was determined not to keep any thing concealed from his lady, he shewed her the letter, and she interceded with him in the strongest manner, to take Clementina under his protection.

Sir Charles immediately set out for London, where he found a letter from the unhappy lady, with directions where he might send her an answer. He did not hesitate one moment in going to her lodgings, where he was introduced, and the first thing he did, was to propose conducting her to his own house in Grosvenor Square, where she would be under the care of his sisters. After some hesitation, she complied with his request, and went into the coach along with him, but next day she received the news that her relations, as well as the Count Belvidere, were come in search of her.

When the marquis her father saw her, he rushed into her arms, and cried out, My daughter! my daughter! while the marchioness, overcome with joy, sunk down on the floor. The young lady, who loved her parents in the most tender manner, fainted away beside her mother, and lay motionless for some time, till the marquis and Sir Charles helped her into a chair. When the first emotions of joy were over, Clementina lifted up her eyes, and seeing Lady Grandison, snatched her hand and kissed it most eagerly, at the same time imploring upon her and her beloved chevalier, a thousand blessings. Her heart was so full; but Lady L—— and Lady Grandison endeavoured to divert her attention to her.

her parents, and congratulated them on the happy event of having found her. Sir Charles withdrawing, returned with the bishop and Jeronymo, whom he presented to their sister, and it is hard to say, whether the two young lords shewed more joy, or Clementina more confusion. She offered to beg pardon of her brother, but they would not suffer her, telling her, that they had been the occasion of her elopement, and now that they had found her, they looked on their happiness as more complete than they could have expected or hoped for.

Jeronymo clasping Sir Charles to his bosom, called him his ever honoured brother, and thanked him a thousand times for the generosity he had shewn to his sister; Clementina did not as yet know that the Count Belvidere had accompanied her relations to England, for Sir Charles had used great caution, and at last told her that the count only wanted to take leave of her. She consented to see him as one of the friends of her family, and he being admitted, she entered into conversation with him with a dignity becoming her birth and education, she knew that nothing could give greater pleasure to her relations than to see her united to the count, and therefore after some hesitation, she told her parents, if they would give her one year to consult her own inclinations, she would endeavour to oblige them, by giving the count her hand. This was a most joyful surprize to her parents, and they consented to stay a few months with Sir Charles, part of which was spent at his country-house in all sorts of innocent amusements, and when they took their leave, Sir Charles and his Lady accompanied

accompanied them to Dover. Jeronymo staid till next year in England, in order to enjoy the Bath waters, when Sir Charles, his Lady, and two sisters accompanied him to Italy, and had the pleasure to be present at the marriage of Clementina with Count Belvidere. Having staid some time in Italy, Sir Charles, with his Lady and relations returned to England, and retired to their country seat, where they spent every day in doing good to their poor neighbours. Lady Byron, who had now born Sir Charles a boy and a girl, was beloved by the poor, to whom she was a most generous benefactor, and Sir Charles was admired by all the neighbouring gentlemen on account of his many virtues.

End of Sir Charles Grandison.